SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Lesile, an American heiress, Lord Winturope, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor, Blake, shunned on the bont, because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Lesile, Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left. Blake returned safely. Winturope wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scored by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish. The trio started a ten mile hike for higher land. Thirst attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Lesile Blake was compelled to carry Miss Lesile of the open again. All three constructed hats to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on cocoanuts, the only procurable food. Miss Lesile showed a liking for Blake they established a home in some cliffs. Blake found a fresh water spring, Miss Lesile faced an unpleasant situation. They planned their campaign. Blake recovered his surveyor's magnifying glass, thus insuring fire. He started a jungifire, killing a large leopard and smothering several cubs. In the leopard's cavern they built a small home. They gained the cliffs by burning the bottom of a tree until if fell against the heights average as signal.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

CHAPTER XII.-Continued.

One after another, the keys were welded together, end to end, in a narrow ribbon of steel. The thinnest one, however, was not fastened to the tip until it had been used to burn a groove in the edge of a rib, selected from among the bones which Miss Leslie had thrown out of the baobab. The last key was then fastened to the others; the blade ground sharp, tempered, and inserted in the groove, Finally, pieces of the keyring were fitted in bands around the bone, through notches cut in the ends of the steel blade. The result was a bone-handled, bone-backed knife, with a narrow cutting edge of fine steel.

Long before it was finished Miss Leslie had been forced away by the requirements of her own work. In fact. Blake did not complete his task until late in the afternoon. At the end, he spent more than an hour grinding the handle into shape. When he came to show the completed knife to Miss Leslie, he was fairly aglow with justifiable pride.

"How's that for an Eskimo job?" he demanded. "Bunch of keys and a

"You are certainly very ingenious, Mr. Blake!"

"Nixy! There's little of the inventor in my top piece—only some hustle and a good memory. I was up in Alaska, you know. Saw a sight of

"Still, it is very skilfully done." "That may be— Look out for the edge! It'd do to shave. No more bamboo splinters for me-dull when you hit a piece of bone. I'm ready now to skin a rhinoceros."

"If you can catch one!" "Guess we could find enough of them around here, all right. But we'll start in on some of Win's sheep

and cattle." "Oh, do! One grows tired of eggs and all these sea-birds are so tough and fishy, no matter how I cook them."

"We'll sneak down to the pool, and make a try with the bows this evening. I'll give odds, though, that we draw a blank. Win's got the aim, but no drive; I've got the drive, but no aim. Even if I hit an antelope, I dor think a bamboo-pointed arrow would close by the fire."
bother him much." "Yes; it is tim

"Don't the savages kill game without iron weapons? "Sure; but a lot have flint points,

and a lot of others use poison. I know that the Apaches and some of those other southern Indians used to fix their arrows with rattlesnake "How horrible!"

"Well, that depends on how you look at it. I guess they thought guns more horrible when they tackled the whites and got the daylight let through 'em. At any rate, they swapped arrows for rifles mighty quick, and anyone who knows Apaches will tell you it wasn't because they thought bullets would do less damage. 'Yet the thought of poison-

"Yes; but the thought of self-preservation! Sconer than starve, I'd poison every animal in Africa-and so would

"I-I- You put it in such a horrible way. One must consider others, ani-

mals as well as people; and yet—"
"Survival of the fittest. I've read some things, and I'm no fool, if 1 do say it myself. For instance, I'm the hoss here, because I'm the fittest of our crowd to this environment; but back in what's cailed civilized parts. where the law lets a few shrewd fel-lows monopolize the means of production, a man like your father-

"Mr. Blake, it is not my fault if papa's position in the business

"Nor his, either-it's the cussed system! No; that's all right, Miss Jenny. I was only illustrating. Now, I take it, both you and Win would like to get





"I'm Unprepared to Climb Precipices, Even Though My Costume is That of a Savage."

both tried our best to do what you have asked of us."

"You have, at least. But I know. If a ship should come to-morrow, it'd be Blake to the back seat. 'Papa, give this-er-person a check for his serv ices, while I chase off with Winnie, to get my look-in on 'Is Ri-yal 'Ighness.'" Miss Leslie flushed crimson- "I'm

sure, Mr. Blake-" "Oh, don't let that worry you, Miss Jenny. It don't me. I couldn't be sore with you if I tried. Just the same, I know what it'll be like. I've rubbed elbows enough with snobs and big bugs to know what kind of considera-tion they give one of the mabssesunless one of the mahsses has the drop on them. Hello, Win! What's

kept you so late?"
"None of your business!" snapped Winthrope

Miss Leslie glanced at him, even more puzzled and startled by this outbreak than she had been by Blake's strange talk. But if Blake was angered,

"Yes; it is time you gave a little consideration to those who deserve it, rejoined Winthrope, with a peevish-ness of tone and manner which surprised Miss Leslie. "I tell you, I'm tired of being treated like a dog."

"All right, all right, old man. Just draw up your chair, and get all the hot broth aboard you can stow," an-swered Blake, soothingly.

Winthrope sat down; but through-out the meal, he continued to complain over trifles with the pecyishness of a spoiled child, until Miss Leslie blushed for him. Greatly to her as-tonishment, Blake endured the nagging without a sign of irritation, and in the end took his bow and arrows and went off down the cleft, with no more than a quiet reminder to Winthrope that he should keep near the

When shortly after dark the engineer came groping his way back up the gorge, he was by no means so calm. Out of six shots, he had hit one antelope in the neck and another in the haunch; yet both animals had made off all the swifter for their

The noise of his approach awakened Winthrope, who turned over, and be-gan to complain in a whining falsetto. Miss Leslie, who was peering out through the bars of her screen, looked see Blake kick the prostrate man. His frown showed only too clearly that he was in a savage temper. To her astonishment, he spoke in a soothing tone until Winthrope again fell asleep. Then he quietly set about erecting

canopy of bamboos over the sleeper.

Just why he should build this was a puzzle to the girl. But when she casion." rid of a boss like me, if you could get rid of Africa at the same time. As it caught a glimpse of Blake's altered is, though I guess you'd rather have expression, she drew a deep breath of "Tm still unprepared to climb preci-town, sir!"—Youth's Companion.

me for boss, and live, than be left all | relief, and picked her way around the by your lonesomes, to starve."

"I—I'm sure there is no question of your lendership, Mr. Blake. We have had been haunting her,

CHAPTER XIII.

The Mark of the Beast

ORNING found Winthrope more irritable and peevish than ever. Though he had not been called on watch by Blake until long after midnight, he had soon fallen asleep at his post and permitted the fire to die out. Shortly before dawn, Blake was roused by a pack of jackals, snarling and quarreling over the half-dried seafowl. To charge frames empty.

Blake was staring glumly at them, an insult. "Say, Win," he remarked gravely,
"I was going to take you down to the
pool after supper, on a try with the
pool after supper, on a try with the leopard-skin dress.

"Well, I'll be-dashed!" he open-mouthed. "I fear it will be warm. Do you

think it becoming?" she asked, flushthe fit of the costume. "Do I?" he echoed. "Miss Jenny,

you're a peach!" "Thank you," she said. "And here is the skirt. I have ripped it open. You see, it will make a fine flag."

"If it's put up. Seems a pity, though, to do that, when we're getting on so fine. What do you say to leaving it down, and starting a little

colony of our own?" Miss Leslie raised the skirt in her outstretched hands. Behind it her ecame white as the cloth "Well?" demanded Blake soberly,

though his eyes were twinkling "You forget the fever," she retorted mockingly, and Blake failed to catch the quaver beneath the light remark.

"Say, you've got me there!" he ad-itted. "Just pass over your flag, and scrape up some grub. I'll be breaking out a big bamboo. There are plenty of holes and loose stones on the cliff. Miss Leslie murmured her thanks,

and immediately set about the preparation of breakfast. When Blake had the bamboo ready, with one edge of the broad piece of white duck lashed to it with catgut as high up as the tapering staff would

bear, he called upon Winthrope to accompany him. "You can go, too, Miss Jenny," he

pices, even though my costume is that

of a savage."
"Savage? Great Scott! that leopard dress would win out against any set of Russian furs a-going, and I've heard they're considered all kinds of dog Come on. I can swing you into the branches, and it's easy from there

"You will excuse me, please."
"Yes, you can go alone," interposed
Winthrope. "I am indisposed this
morning, and, what is more, I have

morning and, what is more, had enough of your dictation."

"You have, have you?" growled wind.

"Rlake, his patience suddenly come to Rlake, his patience suddenly come to Rlake, his patience suddenly come to Scotch Oats eaten often and regularly should be allowed the place of heavy, greany foods. to go, that settles it. But as for you, you'll go, if I have to kick you every

Winthrope cringed back, and broke into a childish whine. "Don't—don't do it, Blake— Oh, I say, Miss Genevieve, how can you stand by and see him abuse me like this?"

Blake was grinning as he turned to Miss Leslie. Her face was flushed and downcast with humiliation for her friend. It seemed incredible that a man of his breeding should betray such weakness A quick change came over Blake's face.

"Look here," he muttered, "I guess I'm enough of a sport to know something about fair play. Win's coming down with the fever, and's no more to blame for doing the baby act than it is like some of Gounod's music he'll be when he gets the delirium, heard in a landscape all sun and flowand gabbles.

"I will thank you to attend to your own affairs," said Winthrope. "You're entirely welcome. It's what I'm doing— Do you understand, Miss 'Indeed, yes; and I wish to thank

you I have noticed how patient you ton Globe. "Pardon me, Miss Leslie," rasped

Winthrope. "Can you not see that for a fellow of this class to talk of fair play and patience is the height impertinence? in England, now, such sufferable impudence—"
"That'll do," broke in Blake. "It's

time for us to trot along."
"But, Mr. Blake, if he is ill--"

"Just the reason why he should keep moving. No more of your gab, Win! Give your jaw a lay-off, and try wig-gling your legs instead."

Winthrope turned away, crimson with indignation. Blake paused only for a parting word with Miss Lealle. "If you want something to do, Miss Jenny, try making yourself a pair of moccasins out of the scraps of skin You can't stay in this gully all the You've got to tramp around some, and those slippers must be about

done for."
"They are still serviceable. Yet if you think-"

"You'll need good tough moccasins soon enough. Singe off the hair, and make soles of the thicker pieces. If you do a fair job, maybe I'll employ you as my cobbler, soon as I get the hide off one of those skittish antelope." Miss Leslie nodded and smiled in re-

upon the thieves and put them to sponse to his jesting tone. But as he flight with a few blows of his club took but a moment. Yet daylight showed more than half the drying self. A few days since she knew she would have taken Blake's remark as an insult. Now she was puzzled to with his broad back to Winthrope, find herself rather pleased that he when Miss Leslie appeared. The sud-should so note her ability to be of service.

When she roused herself, and began on the instant. The girl stood before singeing the hair from the odds and him, clad from neck to foot in her ends of leopard skin, she discovered won the bet: He whispered half aua new sensation to add to her list of ex- unpleasant experiences. But she did claimed, and he stood staring at her open-mouthed. not pause until the last patch of hair open-mouthed. of the hide. Fetching the penknife and her thorn and catgut from the ing, and turning as though to show baobab, she gathered the pieces of skin together, and walked along cleft to the ladder-tree. There had been time enough for Blake and Winthrope to set up the signal, and she was curious to see how it looked.

She paused at the foot of the tree and gazed up to where the withered crown lay crushed against the edge of the cliff. The height of the rocky wall made her hesitate; yet the men, in passing up and down, cleared away the twigs and leaves and broken the branches on the upper side of the trunk, that it offered a means of ascent fa- from difficult even for a young lady.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The tributes to the popularity of Mr. Hammond's son pleased the father, who was the oldest summer resident of Shrubville. They pleased him the more because they came from natives of the soil, whose good opinion could not be forced in any way.

"He's a real good boy, that boy o' ours," said Capt. Hollis Towne, and yours," Capt. Lothrop James added his word of approval.

"I like the cut of his fib," he an nounced, with decision, and I like his ways; he ain't too forth-putting, nor yet he ain't too stand-offish.
"Thing of it is you and his

can go, too, Miss Jenny," he haven't tried to have him 'brought up, "You haven't been on the cliff same as most of the summer folks do yet, and you ought to celebrate the oc- with their children; he's just been 'raised' like we were, and that's

JUST A SUGGESTION.



The Rejected One-And is this great love of mine to be cast aside? She (wearily)-You might have it stuffed!

Taking Care of Yourself,

There never was a time when people paid as much attention to their health and strength as they do now. Time was when fine stock and fine horses were fed more carefully than human beings. The result of properly balanced ra-

tions has worked wonders with stock and recent experiments are proving that the same thing is true of man-

taking the place of heavy greasy foods will work wonders in the health and strength of a family. School children fed frequently on

School children fed frequently on Quaker Scotch Oats thrive physically and are always capable of the best work at school. For athletes, labor-ers, it is the best food. One of the at-tractive features of Quaker Scotch Oats is the perfect way it is packed. Besides the regular size package there is the large size family package.

New England Pie.

Some poor dweller in the benight ed beyond of Chicago asks what a real New England pie is like. It probably will not help him to be told, but if he means apple, it is like an essay by Emerson liquefied with the music of Massenet and spiced with the cyni-cism of Shaw; if he means pumpkin, ers. It is too early yet to describe the mince pies of 1909, but last year's -and last year was not an extraor dinary good year-were like an in crease in salary, and a present from home arriving on the day when one's conscience was behaving itself.-Bos

The Dollar Sign. When it came time for Mrs. Bluffer to pack her trunk and depart from the resort where she had spent many pleasant days, where she had been the cynosure of all eyes, where she had firted and gossipped (and been gossiped about), she visited the pro-

"I've just received a check for \$50 from my husband," she told him. "You will honor it, won't you?"

The proprietor bowed and rubbed

his hands. 'My dear Mrs. Bluffer," he ventured "I will not only honor it, but will fall down and worship it."

Suspicious.

The father of Judge W. H. Wadhams had a chicken-coop and a dog and a stable hand. It began to look to Mr. Wadhams as though some one had dis-covered the combination. So he kept the coop and the stable hand, but he got a new dog. Next day the bent old negro who groomed the Wad-hams' horses came to him. "You los" you affection foh me, boss?" he asked.
"No, Scipio," said Mr, Wadhams. "I
like you as well as ever." "Then,"
said Scipio, peevishly, "w'yn't you tie Old Rover in de chicken-coop, 'stid of dat new dorg?"

Had a Sure Thing.

An individual, well known on the Berlin Bourse for his wit, one morning wagered that he would ask the same question of 50 different persons and receive the same answer from each. The wit went to first one then another, until he had reached the dibly to each: "I say, have you heard that Meyer has failed?" "What Meyer?" queried the whole 50, one after another, and it was decided that the bet had been fairly won.

CAREFUL DOCTOR Prescribed Change of Food Instead of Drugs.

It takes considerable courage for a doctor to deliberatily prescribe only food for a despairing patient, instead of resorting to the usual list of med-

There are some truly scientific physicians among the present generation who recognize and treat conditions as they are and should be treated regardless of the value to their pockets. Here's an instance: "Four years ago I was taken with

severe gastritis and nothing would stay on my stomach, so that I was on the verge of starvation.

"I heard of a doctor who has a summer cottage near me—a specialist from N. Y., and as a last hope, sent for him. After he examined me carefully he advised me to try a small quantity of Grape-Nuts at first, then as my stomach became stronged to eat more.

"I kept at it, and gradually got so I could eat and digest three teasp fuls. Then I began to have color in my face, memory became clear, where be fore everything seemed a blank. limbs got stronger and I could walk. So I steadily recovered.

"Now, after a year on Grape-Nuts I weigh 153 lbs. My people were sur-prised at the way I grew fleshy and strong on this food." Read the little book, "The Road to

Wellville," in pkgs.
"There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Tasted Queer to Teddy. Teddy, after having a drink of plain oda water, was asked how he liked

"Not very well," he replied. "It tastes too much as though my foot had gone asleep in my mouth."—Suc-

Another Discovery.
"Hooray!" exclaimed the man who had been hunting for it, "I have dis-

covered the pole."
"Good," said the man who was with him, "now I'll get the bait and we'll go fishing."

A Remarkable Preacher.

A young preacher who was staying at a clergy house was in the habit of retiring to his room for an hour or more each day to practice pulpit ora-tory. At such times he filled the house with sounds of fervor and pathos and emptied it of almost everything else. Phillips Brooks chanced to be visiting a friend in this house one day when the budding crator was holding forth.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed the bish-

op, starting up in assumed terror.
"Pray, what might that be?"
"Sit down, bishop," his friend replied. "That's only young Dpractising what he preaches."—Everyody's Magazine.

A Painless Death.

A teacher in the factory district of a New Jersey town had been giving the children earnest lectures upon the

poisonousness of dirt.

One morning a little girl raised her hand excitedly and pointed to a boy who seldom had clean hands.

"Teacher," she said, "look quick! Jimmie's committin' suicide! He's suckin' his thumb.—Success Magazine.

Maybe Santa Claus will use an aero-

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